

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

UNTIL the first of September all communications for UNITY from the editorial contributors and others should be addressed to the office editor of UNITY, 175 Dearborn street. The senior editor will be out of reach, except in cases of urgent necessity, when he may be sought through this office. His correspondents are requested to note this fact. It will account for any seeming neglect.

It is said that Johns Hopkins will soon incorporate in its curriculum the study of the Bible from purely scientific motives.

THE Boston Herald thinks it a good sign "when our churches keep more open house for all the needs which flesh is heir to."

THE poem "The Good Physician," on page 138 of UNITY, should have been credited to Rev. Mary A. Safford. The mistake was incident to a change of office editors.

A WRITER in the Interior attributes the moral strength and beauty of Theodore Parker's character to the environment of Orthodox humanity. He says: "Hume in Scotland, John Stuart Mill in England, and Theodore Parker in Massachusetts, could no more escape being impressed by the strong sense of obligation to honesty, humanity and

purity around them, escape the air or the their virtuous lives." It was the orthodox orthodoxy theology! It is the environment of nobility.

It transpires that there were about forty liberal preachers at the last session of the Western Conference, of which number at least twenty-five took part in the proceedings. This attendance, we believe, has never been equalled.

WE are informed by a correspondent at Uniontown, Kansas, that the report current last week, which found its way into UNITY's Kansas letter, was unfounded. There was a heavy rain storm in the vicinity, but no houses were blown down, and our little church at Uniontown is safe.

THE American notes that the progress of intellectual life in this country is illustrated by the fact that J. R. S. Herrett, the accomplished archaeologist of the University of Texas, has lately published a Leaflet from his Note-Book of Travels in Asia Minor, which will command attention all over the world.

CHARLES G. LELAND in the School Journal, sets one thinking in these days of Commencements, when he says: "I would oppose with all my heart the principle of competition in education where the object is not to teach all as much as possible, but to reward a very few for being cleverer than the rest, and so induce the majority to neglect work."

THE American Israelite reports Prof. Felix Adler as advocating that steps be taken to provide for the education of the people in the political system of the country, by free lectures. Adults should be educated in political duties just as children are taught in the free schools. To be able to read the constitution of the United States is not enough. People should be taught a knowledge of the principles of our government and how to elect better and wiser rulers.

THE tragic death of J. L. Loveday, by the accidental discharge of his shotgun, near his summer residence, at Twin Lakes, Wis., will be keenly regretted by very many of our readers, and it will be a sore loss to the Third Unitarian church and the Unitarian cause generally. For many years he has been an active officer and a tireless worker in the church just mentioned, a generous, earnest, honest man, who carried his religious convictions into his business, and his business sagacity and efficiency into religion. The last ministerial service that Mr. Blake was able to render his people before leaving for New York, where he spends his summer vacation, was the privilege of speaking his word of appreciation and gratitude at the grave of his co-laborer in the pretty little cemetery at Geneva, where he was interred on the 1st inst.

THE School Journal, commenting on Mr. Powderly's effort to unionize labor, suggests as a better remedy for the ills of the laboring men, their education. It says: "To look back on the efforts of ignorant teachers who have tried to tell the carpenters, the masons, the printers, the feather-workers, the car-drivers what to do, during the past ten years, is indeed fraught with pain. Money has been given freely to them, but the blind undertook to lead the blind. Thousands now see it; but they are probably not yet ready

to follow the only true way out—and that is the way of enlightenment. It is not that men are working more than eight hours per day that is hurting them. Work is not a curse to mankind. Ignorance is the foe that must be overcome. The man who really wants to benefit mankind sets out like Jesus and Socrates to set mankind to thinking, to think deep and foundation thoughts, to get hold of first truths, to meditate upon the universe, its Creator and man. Those who usually attempt to reform mankind without having studied deeply, begin to wash the outside of the cup and platter; it is man's heart and mind that need reforming.

THE greatest revolution of modern times is the granting by the late absolute monarch of Japan a constitution to his subjects, which makes the empire to-day one of the most enlightened and on-looking of the nations of the world. As the best wisdom and counsel of Europe was sought by the Mikado in preparing the constitution, so likewise has the empress in organizing a college for women in Tokio, called to her service two women from England, France, Germany and America, respectively, to form a liberal representative committee to direct the higher education of their sex in Japan.

THE Methodist Recorder, in a recent editorial upon the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith, has this prophetic word: "The exigencies of this age are calling for a church that exalts spiritual life above the forms of expression to which it reaches."

At such a time there is but one place of safety for religious truth, and that is upon the rock of spiritual life. From that serene height it can view with equanimity all those lesser perturbations in human knowledge caused by the access of more light and enlarged experience. It is not endangered by them. Indeed, through them its life is perpetuated and enlarged."

THE Antiochian, the organ of Antioch college, voices what we trust is the spirit of the college, as it should be the spirit of every earnest reader, when it says: "I can not afford to spend the time to read even a splendid second-class book, while a first-class book is lying at its side. I shall master the masterpieces first. I can not afford to read Roe and Haggard, while Hawthorne and Eliot are unmastered. I can not afford to read Swinburne, Harte, Morris, and Rossetti, while Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Hugo, Shakespeare, and Milton are unmastered. I cannot afford to study quack philosophers or even clever thinkers, when Plato, Kant, Bacon, and Spencer are unmastered."

THE Farmington (Conn.) summer lectures, running from July 8 to July 26 inclusive, will consist of two courses of fifteen lectures each, the morning course on "Heroes of Spiritual Thought," the evening course an "Ethical" one. Among the heroes of spiritual thought are found Plato, Aristotle, Philo Judæus, Clement of Alexandria, Athanasius, St. Francis of Assisi, Dante, à Kempis, Savonarola and others, a most tempting bill of fare, in which Professor Davidson appears as the chief lecturer. We hardly know, though, how to understand the words of the circular, which says: "The death of Savonarola marks the epoch at which spiritual thought ceased to advance and material thought began to take its place." Is there not in this

sentence an assumption, always vicious, of an antagonism between material and spiritual lines of thought? Call it what you will, this world has grown to be a better place to live in since the days of Savonarola. Life has become more sacred, love more tender, duty more commanding, and if Luther, Shakespeare, Emerson, Carlyle, Darwin and Spencer are not "heroes of spiritual thought," according to this category, we like them none the less, and life is richer because they have lived. Among the lectures on ethics, we are glad to see one by Professor Cope of Philadelphia, on "The Evolution of Ethics," for evolution is not only the key that unlocks the cabinets of Nature, but it is that which enforces the value and dignity of morals and establishes the just perspective.

REV. ARTHUR MAY KNAPP's report on the work in Japan is suggestive, and contributes to breadth of thought on the missionary question. Much that he says applies as well to "Unitarianism in the West," as to the cause in Japan. If Unitarianism anywhere is but "seeking to introduce the tenets of another sect among an already seriously perplexed and sect-invaded people," it may well fail. We cannot say of the Western States as he does of Japan that "there is no superstition among these (better) classes, no Bibliolatry to be encountered, no text to be explained, no survival of mediæval fancies to be dispelled," but it is just as important for us to speak the word to the more cultivated classes, as for the missionary who goes there. Historically Unitarianism in this country began at the top. It appealed to the intelligent. Its best successes must ever be among thinking, reasoning people. Mr. Knapp's Japanese proverb, "If you capture a general you capture a thousand men," is a true Unitarian principle. Again he says: "If Japan is to have a Christianity, it will be a thoroughly Japanese Christianity." So it must be with any form of religion capable of redeeming a people. It must be adapted to the genius of that people. It cannot be transplanted and live without drawing its life from the new soil and climate. It must conform itself to the changed conditions, eagerly utilizing all the present means of growth and health, or it remains a poor, declining exotic, as our sectarian Christianity has remained and must remain throughout the vast orient. It is a new thought in the history of religious propagandism, when a missionary goes as Mr. Knapp has gone to Japan, not to conquer the people with a peremptory creed, an infallible "thus saith the Lord," but to take counsel with them on the problems of the religious life. It is in accord with the new scientific spirit. It will work well in the west as well as in the east.

THE ENLARGED CHICAGO.

On Saturday last, by a decisive majority, there was added to the territory of the city of Chicago a hundred and fifty square miles, and people enough, it is claimed, to swell its aggregate population to about 1,100,000 souls. This places it, as our papers boast, the second city in the United States. This enlargement was manifest destiny, however much many of the citizens of the quiet suburban centres of Lake View, Kenwood, Hyde Park and Englewood might dread the losing of their simpler government and quieter methods in the noise and crush of the greater body politic. Doubtless

these suburban towns will lose much in some directions, but it is to be hoped that the city will gain, and what is gain to the city, in the long run, is gain to the suburbs. It has thrown back again the responsibility of voters upon a large class of respectable and interested men who during the day enter into the toils and profits of Chicago, but every night and on election days have fled beyond the city limits, leaving its administration to the mercy of a less scrupulous majority. Municipal government is the unsolved problem of the United States, and if it be true that the chain is no stronger than its weakest link, republican institutions are most in danger at this point. One thing is sure, that there are not respectable representatives enough of the Democratic or of the Republican party, or of the Catholic, Methodist or any other church, to secure a reputable administration in Chicago, or any other great city. The other thing we deem quite as sure, that there are respectable representatives enough among all these parties, if they would only work together, to secure honest administrations and to encourage progressive policies. So we recognize in this enlarged Chicago the greater call for *UNITY* and its message. Its responsibilities are the graver. A harmony and unity of the Unitarian denomination, so-called, is a small and cheap thing compared to that larger harmony and broader unity that overrides sect, sex and party lines and unites the best elements in all upon those things which all recognize as the paramount excellencies, the things most to be desired. This new enlargement is to be looked upon as an added responsibility then. If pride be indulged in at all, let it be the pride that borders upon awe and calls forth the exclamation, "Are we equal to this great occasion?" Chicago's position as a commercial metropolis is fixed beyond question. Its financial and industrial significance is absolutely beyond computation. Is it recklessness, is it conceit, to hope and plan for its becoming also a mighty metropolis of thought, a city that in its intellectual and spiritual importance will be second to none other on the continent? There are some indications which must predict large things, even to the skeptical outsider. The Newberry library, the increasing market for art products, the great auditorium building and the impetus it will give to music, the possible great university which the recently subscribed million may bring, the phenomenal activity and growing independence of women in this city, all point to a time when Chicago will tell mightily upon the thought, taste, morals and work of the people whom Providence will give it to minister to. We write *UNITY* and the cause it stands for small, measured by its attainments, but more easily can one forecast the commercial future of this city than its ethical potency if its citizens prove to be as heroic and prophetic in the one direction as in the other. It is in this hope and in this conviction we work. To this end we face present distrust and provoke the antagonistic sneer that ultimately those who come after us may have more room for thought, wider pastures for the spirit.

UNITARIAN CHURCHES AND ETHICAL SOCIETIES.

The central aim of the Unitarian churches represented by the Western Conference and of Ethical Societies is very nearly the same. Both wish to establish a fellowship which shall exclude no good man; and by a good man is meant one who seeks to be such, if indeed, all goodness does not lie much more in the intention and purpose, than in any outward actions or attainments. What does such an aim imply with regard to the question of religious beliefs? This is a capital question, because varying religious beliefs in the past have played a great part in dividing men and hindering such a consummation as is now beginning to be desired.

Shall such churches or societies assert the most modern and liberal beliefs, such

as, for example, Parker held or such as Herbert Spencer holds to-day? Shall a philosophical theism or a religious agnosticism be thus set forth? Many good men who are now unable to join the older churches or are ill-at-ease in them would undoubtedly thus find a religious home provided for them and a congenial atmosphere. But would not also many good men be excluded by such a policy—at least, would not many find their intellects and convictions violated by any setting forth of agnosticism? Are there not many in the churches, who could not even approve a Theism, which ignored or denied the possibility of miracles and of a special revelation? Surely if we are of liberal temper, we must not think alone of those who wish freedom to hold what are called "liberal" doctrines, we must remember not to offend those who still walk in the old paths. Then, there are those who are unable to find satisfaction in agnostic philosophical theories any more than in theism. There are the monists who oppose agnosticism as a remnant and ghost of the old dualistic philosophy; and there are materialists. One must have been circumscribed or else singularly unfortunate in the circle of his personal acquaintance, who has not known men blameless in life and earnest in purpose who held to these theories.

I am hence unable to see any other way out of the difficulty than for any church or society which opens its doors to all good men, to avoid taking any stand whatever as to religious beliefs. The most that any advocate of a new doctrine could ask for would be that he should not be hindered in holding and expressing it; that he should not be expected to either explicitly or implicitly assent to a different doctrine. Hence none of the older churches satisfy the requirements of such an ideal fellowship as I have now in mind. Their creeds are necessarily bars to freedom and progress, not because they are untrue, but simply because they are posited and exclude opposite ways of thinking. The more recent churches with their more modern statements of faith, with their unitarian as opposed to trinitarian views of God, with their critical theories of the Bible and human estimates of Jesus, seem to me at bottom no more satisfactory. What is wanted is a church or society that shall not make too much of "views," whether ancient or modern, which shall unite men in sentiments and purposes about which it is not possible honestly to dispute, which shall have one aim sovereign over every other. This is not to ignore the significance of intellectual differences, it is not to be indifferent to the progress of truth as each one understands it; each one should have his views and express and seek to propagate them; but he should not found a church upon them, he should not make them into a barrier between himself and others equally earnest; he should wish that there be no fundamental barriers, none to be regarded as religious or to be guarded religiously, save those between men who care for what is good and right and those who do not.

If I am right in thinking as I do, then even Mrs. Woolley's "Ideal Unitarian Church" (see *UNITY*, June 15,) falls a little short of the mark. I have found her paper a noble one, and with such theism as is implied in it, I am not essentially out of sympathy; but when I have asked whether the "Ideal Unitarian Church," with its religious service, its hymn and prayer, would be broad enough to include all those who sought help in living the higher life, I have been compelled to answer dubiously. There are those to-day to whom prayer is distasteful, to whom theism of any kind is repugnant. It is not enough that prayer is not required of a member of a church, that theistic faith is not required. The question is, what does a church stand for and what is its practice? It does not much matter, if its doctrines are explained to be those only of a majority. One does not like to live on sufferance

or as a member of a tolerated minority. A practice or statement of a church inevitably gives a character to the church; by it the church is judged; according as it is one kind or another, persons are attracted to the church or they are not. It seems to me that a religious service cannot be characteristic of an ideal church or society that aims to be a fellowship of all good men; that is, it cannot belong to the church or society, as such religious beliefs and practices must necessarily be individual or, at best, characterize freely formed groups within a church or society; the ideal church or society itself has no right to countenance one's belief or practice more than another, for that were doing a wrong to any who might not approve. Mr. Gannett suggested some time ago in these columns that having broadly stated our aim, the Ethical Societies should next proceed, as the Western Conference has done, to state "the things commonly believed among us." But, to my mind, that is just what we should not do, and I think it is just what we have least mind to do. Our beliefs, of great importance to us each individually, have no standing whatever with the body; there are no "Ethical Culture beliefs." It is the moral aim in which we are united, and in which we hope that many others will unite with us in time. Our zeal is not to propagate this or that religious or irreligious philosophy, but to advance the cause of the good and the just in the world.

W. M. S.

Contributed and Selected.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

OPPOSITE QUEEN CITY PARK.

The lake looked through the trees at me,
And sparkled brightly after;
She hid herself, then peeped again—
I heard her pleasant laughter.

The wind arose, and o'er her face
He blew her feathers plummy;—
Ruffled her plumage angrily,
She shivered and looked gloomy.

He swept the clouds away, and then
Her smiles came quickly glowing,
And brilliant white those curling plumes
That down her robe were flowing.

Last eve she wore a robe of flame
With sunset colors blended,
The clouds came down and massed about
Her feet in 'broidery splendid.

This morn she shone all white and gold,—
I could not meet her glances;
Straight out of heaven their brightness came,
Awe in their piercing lances.

The lake, a goddess pure and high,
Dwells in her mountain palace;
The pure in heart alone can know
The secret of her chalice.

The worldly come; in all their hearts
They need her soothing power;
They look, they taste, in silence wait
The magic of the hour.

She simply breathes her music out,
And spreads her sweetness round;
Let whosoever will partake,
'Tis here new life is found.

M. H. W. WOOD.

THE NEXT STEP IN THE POST OFFICE MISSION.

People are asking what is to be the outcome of the Post Office Mission. We have our few thousand correspondents: some of them have been receiving our literature four or five years. Are we to go on indefinitely sending the literature with no organic outcome save an occasional Sunday circle? Were this to be the case, the mission would amply justify the labor bestowed upon it. To instruct, comfort and inspire the thousands who are beyond the reach of liberal churches, ought to be forever regarded as a sufficient end in itself. But two strong grounds can be assigned for a further development of the mission. In the first place, workers here like workers everywhere need new motives; in the second place the recipients of the literature need to be awakened, to a sense of responsibility. To receive and not to give in return is a misfortune, however exalting be the object received.

I therefore suggest that an effort be made to organize our correspondents into a working body. In a few in-

stances they have asked permission to unite with churches far distant from their homes, and which they might never be able to visit. These instances indicate how strong is the instinct for corporate fellowship. Why not take advantage of this instinct and organize correspondence churches. To this end let a definite form of organization be agreed upon. The more definite the better, and let a definite work be undertaken by the organization. Two entirely germane objects await it. First to cause the Post Office Mission correspondents to support the mission; second to enable them to extend it. It is expecting a great deal to ask a person to unite with and contribute toward a church which he will perhaps never enter, nor be especially benefitted by. But to ask him to join and support an organization from which he is receiving as much benefit as any one is to make a strong appeal to his self-reliance and generosity. He will be glad, I think, to join an organization which is doing something for himself and something for the world. Once a member of such an organization he will acquire a new and livelier interest in our literature, for then he will be no longer a passive recipient but an active promoter of its good word.

Therefore I say let us not make the fatal mistake of leaving our many friends in this passive condition. We owe it to them to help them forward to the blessed state of active labor for the faith they hold in common with us.

But let us remember that if we are to succeed we must shape an organization which is distinctly adapted to people in their situation, unless we do so they will never feel at home in it, and it will not succeed. To this end we must convince them that they can vastly benefit themselves by organizing for the purpose of providing themselves with a regular and ample supply of liberal literature, and of carrying the literature to others.

As a bond of union, taking the place of the neighborly call and the Sunday hand-shake among the members of our ordinary churches, we might have a special post-office mission newspaper, through which the correspondence church people could ask questions, express their views and set up acquaintanceship.

So much for the general scheme. If it meets with favor, the details can be considered later. Will those interested let their interest be known either by letter to me, or to our denominational papers.

ARTHUR M. JUDY.

A GENESIS STORY.

Millions of years of waters slow subsiding,
Millions of years of glaciers, pushing, sliding;
Ages to form the limestone and the granite,
Cycles of time to lay the soil upon it.

A ray of sunlight pierced a sheltered hollow,
Earth thrilled with joy her beauty to disclose;
All else was there, the sun's ray did its duty,
And lo! a rose!

A. A. O.

THE SECRET OF JESUS'S POWER.

Drawing near Jesus, and, as far as possible, banishing all that is artificial, what do we see? No abstract delineation of virtue; but a throbbing young life through which actual virtue gleamed. From worship he passed readily to action. His noble philosophy turned into noble deeds. His love, his hope knew no limit. He saw lying on every side of him the depths of infinite life. His devotion to truth was perfect. His solution of the problem of existence terminated in one of the most impressive tragedies that has ever been enacted upon the earth. He was an advocate of the greater side of man—of faith, of truth, of the imperishable soul. . . . A glance at the background upon which he appeared will help reveal his greatness. Back of him lay much narrowness, much cruelty, much hatred. Upon that background he painted a brotherhood where the interests of each were dear to all. He drew a picture of a God who loved all alike.

He drew a picture of a civilization from which all woes had been banished by a reign of kindness. When religion had become formal and time-serving, he taught that all true religion is internal and spiritual. He taught the absolute supremacy of truth, and that man is never so high, never so God-like as when he is kneeling before this sovereign. At first buoyant and hopeful he moved forward to save the world. But the old tragedy must be enacted in his brave young soul. With him, as with all who give themselves to save others, the fatal law must have its way. Before his work was fully done he felt the touch of sadness; he went into the abyss of sorrow and felt forsaken of man and God.

"I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship; that it ever waxes glad
And more glad, until gladness blossoms,
bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind
And recommence at sorrow."

It is said that every structure as built, is pitched to some musical key and whoever can discover and sound its chord can control it at will. He seems to have found the keynote of life and become its master. He touched the chord of duty and it made divinest music. He touched the chord of self and it began to vibrate in harmony with all the other strings of the melodious life harp. He found the keynote of human love and it became holy; of home, and it became a sanctuary; of nature, and it became a temple. He touched the heart of the sinner and found tears, of the children and found trust, of the dying and found hope; he descended into the abyss of sorrow and mortal loneliness and brought thence courage and serenity; he faced death and disarmed it of terror; he passed into the grave, and out of his dust have sprung the fadeless flowers of immortal life which have solaced many millions of his race.

We do not wish to state our belief in extravagant terms. Yet it seems that only good can come to our generation by a new and devout study of this Friend of man. He is not to usurp our place, nor come between God and the soul. No; but he is a leader along the way we ought all to go. As we ask Tyndall to interpret the laws of nature, Raphael to interpret the laws of art, Shakespere to interpret the laws of poetry, so do we ask Jesus to interpret the deep meanings of the spirit. He may not be an authority in geology, or mathematics; but he has an undoubted right to speak of the soul. For all who have glimpses of the heights and depths that open above and beneath them; who believe that for much of the time they must walk by faith and not by sight; for all those across whose pathway, at rare intervals, stream some fugitive rays of that splendor which lies beyond all clouds,—for such, in every age, he must remain a true friend and leader.—*From a Sermon by Reed Stuart.*

THE CHOIR.

The choir is a problem quite unsolved in most churches, but is thought by the average church to be indispensable. People go to church quite as much to hear the music as to listen to the sermon. Fine music draws. A good organ, a good organist, artistic singing, and a good deal of it, with a hymn, and Scripture and brief prayer, would satisfy a great many worshippers, if there were no sermon at all. Others want the sermon, and nothing else. All the preliminaries and *addenda* are a weariness: they come for the thought, the intellectual part of the feast, the fine sermon, or the elaborate, scientific, philosophic, æsthetic essay. Not a few take a deep interest in the devotional exercises. The objections to a choir seem to be the absurdity of professional paid singers doing for the congregation what ought to be the exercise of each and every worshiper, since singing, if it is not worship, is nothing. And yet the same is true of prayer. The minister prays for or with the con-

gregation, or leads it in its devotions. There may be difference of opinion about the use and merit of the prayer in church services, but we must have singing. We must have an organ, and an organist. That is settled. The question arises, Shall we have a choir paid or volunteer, a quartette or chorus? Churches that can afford it usually prefer the fine quartette music. The congregation is supposed, of course, to join in the closing hymn, and sometimes in all the hymns.

Sometimes, apart from anthems and prayer-responses, the choir merely leads, or assists the congregation in the singing. A friend called my attention the other day to the anthem singing in church, which, to the person, was a great absurdity, especially when no words can be heard, and hence no thought stirred within the breast; and it struck me with great force. But yet, people pay five, ten and twenty dollars for the privilege of hearing an Italian opera for an evening, with the knowledge that not a word is to be understood; and didn't we crowd the theatre to hear the Greek Play, and Italian actors in Shakspeare, in their own tongue. Is not music a language? Has not the organ power to inspire, soothe, elevate, rest the soul? and is not the beauty of the music and its meaning a little bit marred when the *vox humana* interposes? It was "that blessed word *Mesopotamia*," which did the listening woman good, and not the thoughts in the sermon. Are we not all moved and helped by tones of voice and pleasant sounds with no possible definable meaning? Sentiment, feeling, emotion, devotion, can not organ and anthem touch all these? Yet it is certainly desirable that the anthem should be sung in words that can be heard and understood, and be helpful; and it usually is.

Bad choir singing is more unsatisfactory than poor congregational singing, but the latter would be improved with care and practice in rehearsals. A chorus choir is harder to train and keep together, while it is very much preferred by the average congregation, to the quartette. To be depended upon, it must be paid. A slight excuse keeps away now one and then another, unless money attracts. A chorus choir of good voices, and well-balanced, standing in front of the congregation and leading it in the singing of hymns, with no anthems at all, and the congregation interested in making it a success, and meeting for rehearsal, will furnish the best kind of church music; only the tunes must be old and familiar, and hearty and soulful. If people are not going to church where there is no choir, then a blow is at once dealt to congregational singing; or if when all go there is but a handful in a large church, the singing will be a failure. Congregational singing, pure and simple, can be a success with a large congregation, but it will prove in the end a failure with the average Unitarian Sunday gatherings. The choir is criticized for its operatic tendencies, and in Unitarian churches, often for its orthodox anthems. Organist and choir both mistake in attempts at self-display. The soul should speak, the heart should throb. There must be, also, unity of song and sermon. An orthodox anthem or hymn preceding or following a radical sermon is out of place, and must be avoided by careful pre-arrangement of chorister and preacher. The true idea of all the services in church is, that all are to join in everything, vocally or in spirit: all must sing, must pray, must read the scripture, must preach. We must be co-worshippers. We must utter or respond, and with earnestness and enthusiasm make the service a soul-feast, an inspiration, a helper to higher thought and truer life, and a competent and devout choir can do everything to compass these ends.

A. JUDSON RICH.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

CHARACTER is the diamond that scratches every other stone.—*Bartol.*

The Unity Club.

At a meeting of over eighty members of the Unity Club and the Library Association of All Souls Church, Chicago, held on the evening of June 24th, it was unanimously voted to unite the activities of these two organizations under the above title. The club will be considered as heretofore a part of the Educational Section of the church, and will make annual report to that department; otherwise its action will be independent. The Pastor will be *ex-officio* President and Leader; the chairman of the Educational Section, *ex-officio* Secretary and Treasurer. Each section will elect its own chairman and provide for its own records. The government of the club will be in the hands of the voting members, which will be qualified by the payment of an annual fee of \$5.00. The Chairmen of the several sections will constitute an executive committee.

The work for the next year will be divided into two departments, viz.: Study, and "Lend a hand." These will be divided into the following sections: the Emerson, Novel, Philosophy, Browning, Lowell, the Library, Reading-Room, Lectureship, Kindergarten and Manual Training. The Kenwood Section will be continued if rooms can be provided.

The work of the study sections will be as follows:

EMERSON SECTION, "The Conduct of Life," and "English Traits." *Collateral Reading*, "Emerson in Concord," by Edward Waldo Emerson. Those who have not read Cabot's "Life" and the "Emerson and Carlyle Correspondence" are urged to do so. See also "Reading guide to Emerson" in UNITY of May 19, 1888, Vol. 21, p. 159, and Unity Mission Tract No. 20.

NOVEL SECTION, First half-year, Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," Ellen Frothingham's translation. *Collateral reading*, Starr's "Life of Lessing." For further references and outlines of study see Unity December 3, 1887, vol. 20, p. 164. Second half-year, George Elliot's "Daniel Deronda." *Collateral reading*, The Author's Essay on "The Modern Hep, Hep, Hep," in "Theophrastus Such." Browning's "Holy Cross Day" and "The Burial Privilege of Philippo Baldinucci," Cross's "Life of George Eliot." For further references and analysis of the book see Unity Club Leaflet No. 3, by Mrs. C. P. Woolley.

PHILOSOPHY SECTION, Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology." *Collateral reading*, "Principles of Sociology," Vol. 1, by the same author. Tylor's "Early History of Mankind" or "Primitive Culture," and anything bearing upon the origin and growth of Society, the development of the Home and the State.

BROWNING SECTION will continue to follow the "Outline Studies" published by the Chicago Society, beginning with No. XIX.

The Lowell Section will be revived to accommodate the school children who cannot come evenings, and will meet on alternate Friday afternoons—to learn how and what to read.

It is recommended that the friends elect early the sections with which they intend to study, and direct their summer reading accordingly. They are also cordially invited to elect one or more sections of the Lend-a-hand department with which they will co-operate.

In its double-handed usefulness the Unity Club presents itself more confidently than ever before, for patronage and co-operation, to those who believe in the intellectual life and fraternal helpfulness, in its neighborhood, independent of denominational lines or theological differences.

THIS is the way the Church of the Unity, of St. Louis, is getting ready for next year's work; we quote from their handsome circular:

"The undersigned have prepared three sketches of literary work, and hereby submit them to the members of Unity Club, with the request that they

individually choose one of the three subjects, and report their choice to Prof. C. M. Woodward, 1761 Missouri ave., by postal or otherwise. The order in which the authors are here named signifies nothing. Mr. Learned will ultimately rearrange the sketch endorsed by popular vote. All adult persons, in any way connected with the Church of the Unity, who may wish to join in Unity Club Literary Work, next winter, are invited to vote on this choice.

DANTE.

Thirty-four Cantos of the *Inferno*: Three to be read each evening, with Essays on the accompanying subjects.

- I. The Early Life of Dante.
- II. Dante and Beatrice.
- III. City of Florence in Dante's time.
- IV. Guelph and Ghibelline, and Dante's Politics.
- V. Dante's Exile.
- VI. Dante's Circle of Friends.
- VII. Dante's Symbolism.
- VIII. Dante's Philosophy.
- IX. Dante's Relation to the Church.
- X. Florentine Art at the time.
- XI. Dante's Characteristics as a Poet.
- XII. His Influence on Literature and Art.

GOETHE

Faust, Part I, - - Six Evenings.
Faust, Part II, - - Six Evenings.

Essays as follows:

- I. Goethe's Life.
- II. Biographies.
- III. "Wahrheit und Dichtung."
- IV. Goethe's Contemporaries.
- V. His Place in Literature.
- VI. Goethe as a Scientist.
- VII. Goethe's Influence on Art.
- VIII. His Italian Journey.
- IX. Goethe's Prose: Readings from "Wilhelm Meister" and "The Sorrows of Werther."
- XI. Goethe's Poetry: Readings from "Iphigenia" and "Torquato Tasso."
- XII. Milton.

Prose Works: Two evenings on "Areopagitica," or "Liberty of the Press," and "Eikonoclastes."

Poetry: Two evenings on "Lycidas" and "Comus."

Eight evenings on "Paradise Lost," a few Books entire, and selections from all others. Meanwhile Essays and Studies on the following:

Milton's Youth; Life at Cambridge; The Origin of the Masks; Milton in France and Italy; His Marriage and Separation from his Wife; His Blindness and subsequent Marriages. The general state of English Politics; Milton and Cromwell; Specimens of his Political Papers; the writing of "Paradise Lost;" Characteristics of his Style and Influence of his Writings on English Language and Literature.

The Study Table.

The Seventh Son. A story by nine members of the Saturday Night Club. *Daily Citizen* Book Print, Jackson, Mich.

"At least a curiosity of literature," and "we are led to believe, worthy of the attention of the thoughtful," is all that is claimed for this pamphlet story numbering 136 pages, by its authors. It would be hard to find a pleasanter story than this with which to while away a few hours, and one in which the student of psychology may find food for thought. Not one of its authors knew how the hero would fare in the hands of the next, nor to what point he would carry the plot, but the reader may easily forget, if he chooses, that it is not all a consecutively planned story, conceived and carried out by one mind, so well sustained is the interest from beginning to end. The nine authors are: Helen D'Auby Durand, C. F. Elliot, H. A. Hodge, Esther S. Boynton, Mary E. Child, Mrs. N. B. Hall, Mrs. Herbert Hodge, N. B. Hall and C. N. Kendall.

E. T. L.

First Steps in Reading. In four parts. Part I. By Martha A. Pease. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. 32 pages.

This is designed to teach the little ones to read by words and phrases instead of by spelling. It is intended that the teacher shall first convey the "ideal" of the word to the child's mind by means of conversation. When this is done, the word or phrase is shown, both printed and written until the child becomes accustomed, by repetition and questioning, to its appearance on the page. He is also taught by means of pictures and objects. The book is attractively illustrated, printed in large clear type, and bound in stiff paper.

E. T. L.

Church-Door Pulpit.

Any church may secure the publication of any acceptable sermon in this department by the payment of \$5, which sum will entitle the church to one hundred copies of the issue in which the sermon is printed.

THE EVOLUTION OF PROVIDENCE.

A DISCOURSE TO THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., BY E. M. WHEKLOCK.

Published by the Congregation.

"Working together with Him."—II. Corinthians, 6, 1.

Providence is inseparable from a creative God. It is implied in His being. He who created must also from moment to moment preserve, or His creation reverts to nothingness again. The signs of care in the universe fronting us on every side point to the Caretaker. Thus everywhere with the belief in Deity is found belief in Providence. It is a universal accompaniment of religion. There is a general instinctive belief in a Divine superintendence over the world, and all forms of faith are full of it. It is taught in every form of speech in the Scriptures and it is the frequent theme of Jesus, who says: "Not a sparrow falls without the Father's notice, and the hairs of your head are all numbered." The poets, ancient and modern, bear witness to this central doctrine of faith. Says Tennyson:

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
"That not one life shall be destroyed,
"Or cast as rubbish to the void,
"When God has made the pile complete."

Indeed we must believe that a Being of infinite love and wisdom has an infinitely wise purpose in the creation of man, and that He is, at all moments, carrying that purpose into effect. It is a self-evident truth of religion.

But while the heart of man welcomes and cherishes the belief in a perfect Providence over all things and all men, and indeed cannot rest in any other, the intellect demurs and cannot follow out the clue. The understanding finds itself confronted with terrible facts. It stands in a world of uncared-for wants, a struggling world, unregulated and troubled, not able to find or to follow the golden thread of its destiny.

In the realm of outward nature we are surrounded by fatalities which we are not able to control—extremes of heat and cold, drouths and floods, storms and earthquakes, pestilence and deserts. Every star is a conflagration—beautiful because distant. The forces of matter move with absolute recklessness. They go straight to their end without regarding whom they crush on the road. War and strife is the watchword of the whole organic nature. There is a constant struggle of organisms. The worm crawling on the earth, the butterfly hovering over the flower, the eagle in the clouds—all have their enemies. Every plant and shrub has its insect pest, every animal its tormenting parasite. A worm is at the root of every blossom.

Nature is a comely mother, but stone-cold. With the same readiness she takes her children to her bosom, or clutches them by the throat! It is all the same to her. Her babes never know whether they are to be nursed or strangled! She gives to the deer its fleetness by which to escape from beasts of prey; but with equal indifference gives to the wolf the muscles of steel, which enables him to track and bring down the deer. The animal world is like the Roman gladiator's show, where the thumbs are turned down and no quarter is given. Pain is the universal law. Every tint on a butterfly's wing was painted there by an agony. Untold myriads of cruel deaths precede every advance. Nature has fitted out every part of the animal world with implements of torture. She gave poisonous fangs to the rattlesnake as well as beauty to the humming bird. The glare of the tiger, the spring of the leopard, the coil of the snake, the sting of the insect, are gifts from her treasury. There is a fly whose business it is to perforate the skin of the living cater-

pillar, and leave its eggs, which hatch into maggots and eat the creatures alive by degrees! Is that the work of a kindly Providence? A more bloody battle than Gettysburg has been fought on each square mile of the earth's surface, since animal life began. Nature shows no sympathy, and pity she has never felt. An animal becoming decrepit or wounded, is converted into a meal by the sturdier members of the pack. All her children are digestible; to eat and be eaten is her eternal law. The sparrow may not fall without the Father's notice, but it falls all the same.

Our dependent humanity, under the pressure of its dire distresses, flings itself upon the heart of the universe with a cry for help. But the destructive activities of nature are not stayed. They work on in their un pitying course. The clouds gather and the winds crash, the thunderbolt smites, the floods drown, the earth yawns and opens, and cities with their dwellers are buried. The planet is a trap, and the earthquake jostles down man's card house of conjecture about an amiable Providence. The prayer of human beings to be spared is not answered. The cup of hurts, heart bruises and sorrows must be drained to its last drop, even though the Son of Man himself prays that it may pass untasted by. Underneath all nature's order and beauty are woeful tragedies, unavailing cries for help, bitterness of soul and anguish of heart. In every vein of our bodies rages the deadly strife between the corpuscle of life and the bacteria of death. There is an Armageddon in our life's blood, and in each human body the battle of life is hourly fought anew.

An earthquake kills men like flies. The cholera, small-pox, pestilence, cuts them off as with grape shot. Nature grinds hearts to pigments for the shifting canvasses of life. Every page of history is spattered with tears. The tragedy of pain and death spares no weakness and pities no innocence. Nero is on the throne and Jesus is on the cross in every age and time. If the rain falls to the growing crop, or the potato-bug destroys a nation's harvest, there is no interference with the natural result, and the tragedy ends in starvation. Men and women are held as cheap as the rotting food for lack of which they die.

The laws of nature are impersonal, invariable, and immutable. No prayers can turn their sharp and bitter edge. Nature is not exorable. There is no pity in her plan. No process, event or cruel circumstance is ever held at bay by the compassion of the over-ruling powers towards those who must bear the brunt. When the pinch comes, man learns by practical experience, that there is no active tenderness on which he can call, to check the tragedy of earthquake, plague or storm. The sleep of the tyrant may be as sweet as the infant's. The sea will wreck a saint and bear a murderer home. The snake stings the innocent child. It is poetry, not reality, which says the stars in their courses fight against Sisera; that the wall of Siloam fell on the worst sinners; that the sword of the guilty man fails in the duel, and his foot is burnt by the hot plowshare in the old ordeal by fire.

Only in poetry does the fire refuse to burn the innocent, and purity lay her hand on the fawning lion's mane. Raphael once composed a lovely picture of St. Marguerite, showing how, with no weapon but a lily, she walked safely through the yawning and serrated jaws of a dragon. That will do for romance, but in real life the dragon welcomes the lady to breakfast and gives her an inside seat.

In the human world on every hand we find hunger unfed, nakedness unclothed, weakness without protection and misery without consolation and without hope. The fields are tilled, the cities are built, the factories are operated, the mines are excavated by means of a perpetual slavery. Not here the music of intelligence, the harmonious play of faculty, the sweetness and the light of life; but sullenness of per-

petual discontent—the work prospering, but the worker groaning under his load and the mass of his necessities. Men by millions are entrapped in the legalized iniquities of our civilization, robbed of intelligence, of culture, of opportunity, with no outlook but that of monotonous toil, and God seems to care no more for them than for so many mice.

The present conditions of the human world are the result of æons upon æons of conflict, of clashing, of waste, of devastation. Think of the wrongs, the cruelties and the slaughters of history, from the murder of Abel to the bombardment of Alexandria. Each nation gripes the other by the throat. The past of the race is knee-deep in blood—largely innocent blood; and the past of nature is black with convulsion and struggle. Where is the Divine Providence? Where the Supreme Benign Cause revealed by poets, sages and saints, who actively sympathizes with and intelligently cares for the well-being and happiness of every creature He has made?

This is the anomaly of the creation; this the contradiction of the universe. The practical man, looking at the disorder of the world, finds no Providence and therefore believes in none. The pietist holds to the sentiment, but closes his eyes against the facts. He clings to his belief in a Providence which he does not see and cannot find. Oppressed by the chaos of things, good and earnest men have sought refuge in skepticism, pessimism, and even in suicide.

There is but one solution of the great perplexity, and it is found in the evolution of man. Man is the heir of the world. It is his inheritance, of which he can dispose as he pleases. He may barter his birthright or claim his fortune. He can work with the laws of the universe, or he can work against them. He can hasten or he can retard the day of better things. He can assist or he can resist the heavenly order. All lies in man's own hands. In himself is the God-power which must transform nature, which must uplift and redeem nature, till her tragedy ends in divine satisfactions. The breadth of human wishes is the only limit to the obsequiousness of nature. Her effort is to evolve her own God—who is man. The God of nature is always man. To bring her stupid Deity to his senses, she cuffs and beats him as the Neapolitan fishermen do their saints in stormy weather. Like every other divine thing, Providence dwells with men, and waits to be put to service. Providence supplies the world with its redeemers. The creative word becomes flesh in man. When we try to throw off our evils upon Providence, Providence throws them back upon us; and compels us to use our own powers to improve our conditions. God's push is in the human will, and the effort of man is the divine endeavor. The race's redemption is locked up in the race's intelligence.

In the spheres of both outward nature and of human nature the Creator does not accomplish his designs by a direct exercise of omnipotent power, but always through human mediation. Man and God are partners in the work of Providence. He waits for us until we are ready to do His will; there is no compelled obedience. The Father works through His children, and in waiting for our wills He is of an infinite patience. His Providence is waiting, and it is universal, minute, perfect, just as Jesus so sweetly and vividly portrayed it; but though perfect it is not *perfected* when the Father has done his part. It waits for us to do ours. For Providence is a compound principle, having a human as well as a divine element. The higher powers having done their best, it remains for the lower powers to respond. Ideally, and so far as heaven is concerned, Providence is perfect now, and always has been. Practically, the most of the work is yet to be done, and it shares the imperfection of all human ministry.

God becomes not king until man becomes regnant.

The responsibility for human progress rests on human shoulders. It goes as fast as man wills, and works, and no faster. If the divine purpose in the world appears from time to time to stop, or fail, or turn aside, the fault is ours alone. Just as to the eye of science the oak is all in the acorn, so the Divine Providence is seen by the filial soul, even as Jesus and the poets, prophets and moralists have declared; but it is in the air, not on the earth; it is floating, not fixed; it is ideal, not ultimated, and it can only find shape, realization and embodiment through the free spiritual concurrence of man. It is in the germ only; it is like a seed waiting for its opportunity of growth; it is latent, and we must bring it forth by evolution. The divine sympathy and pity come to man through man. They must be incarnated before they can neutralize the tragic effects of storm and plague, famine and neglect.

For how many ages did the thunder roll and blast, deaf to all human beseeching; but when common sense, incarnate in Franklin, enters the field with a kite and a wire and a key, he soon hauls down the mystery. Providence, with the needed deliverance, came not in the anguished prayer, but in the cool, clear, scientific brain, which it had inspired to learn and master the electric laws. For science, that multiplies a thousand fold the powers of labor, comes forth to man a divine gift as truly as any bible; nor does the infinite word of God reach us solely through a Jewish pin hole!

God befriends human nature through its friends. In flesh and blood he plants his providence. Our human brothers are the channels of the infinite friendliness. He comes and dwells with us in them. They are the expressions of His presence, and the shining rays of His love. The Creator hears through all the human ears He has made. Where there is no man to hear, there is no Providence to save. If the broken ship goes down on a lonely sea, where there is no human aid, the sea swallows the ship and crew. The supplication flung skyward brings no divine succor because it does not reach the ear of God—incarnate in human opportunity. The sympathy of heaven can only manifest itself to man through his own flesh and blood. A human mediator goes with every act and fact of divine pity. Thus he sends the Comforter. In the great Bengal famine, the petitions of starving millions of Hindoos did not restore the lost rice harvest, but so much of heavenly help as could get aboard the relief ships from London, New York and Boston, came to intervene. As no good ever comes of closing one's eyes to truth, let us freely admit that there is no God to help in the affairs of this world, except the *inside* God—the God latent in man, and who is waiting to be evolved. The tragedies of nature and the woes of humanity are the whips, spurs, and stings by which man is forced onward in his ascensive evolution, and without which he would never assume the throne of nature, but remain through the ages, her trembling slave! When evil has done its disciplinary work, it will disappear at the nod of man, but never will the outside God lift a finger to remove it, or be moved by the combined whimperings and petitions of the world.

Our destiny is begotten by ourselves. We weave our shrouds with our own hands. We *will not* solve the riddle of life, and so the sphinx devours us. The laws of life are their own avengers. Man need not accuse the Gods or Providence of the evil that reigns in humanity; he has himself created it all, and he, with the Divine uplift befriending him, must undo it all. There was not a fiend in the universe till man appeared. It is he alone who "plays the devil." There is no hell *for* man, except the hell *in* man, created *by* man. Of all the terrible accusations that pietists throw upon their God, none is

worse than that doltish humility which makes them affirm of the monstrous injustice of life, "It is the will of God." It is solely the will of man. Every world-evil results from causes called into existence by human beings—and to be remedied by them. The providence of God is corrupted into the impotence of the world, as meat into carrion, till man, by evolution, grows providential.

This living world we have to ourselves; it is ours to battle with, to conquer and to shape; ours to force into conformity with our behests. No God will perform our tasks for us, or save us from our blunders. He compresses all the necessary power within the compass of human attributes and makes the race its own Providence. Whether there shall be peace or war, health or pestilence, plenty or famine, are questions that men must answer for themselves. All the impelling and governing powers are in man. On him the burden rests whether things go well or ill. During the ministry of Lord Palmerston an epidemic of typhoid swept over certain districts of England. A delegation of priests visited the minister, asking him to appoint a day for fasting and prayer. Palmerston replied: "Deity is not the providence of the shiftless. The remedy lies in your own hands. Go home and look to your drains." They did so and the pestilence ceased.

Providence has no more personal concern with the numberless human entities that have their being in and through His power, than the sun has in the sun-flower and its seeds. The solar orb remains unconcerned in the work of its rays, which every spring awaken the dormant vitality of earth. The answer to prayer comes from our own souls; yet it is the voice of God, for his voice is always the voice of man. In man himself is the response to every prayer. The outside God answers no petitions, but says to man: "If you would have help, find it within yourself, for my kingdom is within you."

God and man are coupled in every providence. It is the God in us that saves us. The God-power that works for man, works only through man. Above the sinking ship, the starving people, the sacked city, the heavens remain serene and silent. No answer direct from out the unseen and eternal, has ever broken upon man's ear, in response to his long, childish wailing for supernatural aid. Any work for man's uplifting, if ever done, will be done by man and through man. The raw material of Providence, its properties and potencies, are given in the rough, as the ore is given in the mine, the timber in the forest, but it must be ultimated through human effort. The perfect social Providence foretold by poets and seers can only come, little by little, as it is wrought out through such men of the race as are willing to work with God.

In every age we see men of a forlorn hope, who propose a conception of religion, of worship, of human rights which nowhere exists. They sacrifice personal peace, the approval of their fellows, life itself, for the sake of a finer idea of right. What impels them to fight against wrongs which are upheld by usage, and to revolt against the system which experience has gradually built up around them? It is the divine providence seeking to enter human nature through these chosen sons and to lead mankind toward a more righteous future. These heroes, reformers, martyrs, who fling themselves against the scorn and menace of their time, are the redeemers through whom Providence develops and evolves, and without whom there would be neither redemption nor Providence for man.

Providence is universal, never special. The Infinite never invades the freedom of the creature, even though he abuses it. Man may think against the divine truth, and will against the sovereign order, and still the Infinite Good will uphold him in his freedom;

for God will not exercise interference even upon a shadow. We are shadows; God is light. Those instances of seeming interference with man in the world, which pietists call cases of Special Providence, so far as they are exercised from within and above, to save man from injury, are never the result of Divine action, but are the work of created intelligences who move in the universal concord of the fraternity of the skies, and who guard the frail human germ against such evils as they can fend. The whole cosmos guided and controlled by an almost endless series of intelligent forces and powers, — each of whom has been, or is on the way to be, man. It is these emanations from the Absolute who interfere, on occasion, to help those to whom they feel drawn by a subtle sympathy. This kindly action of our fellow-creatures is misnamed "Special Providence."

Until the sun shoots some special ray for you, and the attraction of gravity makes some exception in your favor, count not on God doing so. Light was not made for the eye, but we have eyes because there is light. Does the rain fall to make our crops grow, or to replenish our wells? Nay! verily, for it rains at sea as heartily as upon the thirsty fields of the farmer.

Let men find Providence where they found the steam engine and the telegraph, where they found the reaper and printing press—in the regnant and adequate human brain! In this age the "Son of Man" is evolution; "the Holy Ghost" is social fellowship; the divine spirit is the helpful spirit. God makes iron but not horseshoes; they must be made by his inspired apostle, Smith. God furnishes the wool and the cotton plant, but man must evolve the loom, the factory, the mill, before the latent providence is translated into substantial clothing for the comfort of millions. Providence does not rain peaches from the sky. We must first plant the pit, and then protect the tree to its maturity.

In the world of matter man was made to rule nature and not to be crushed by her. When he takes possession of his inheritance, and controls more and more of the natural forces about him, making use of them to correct the ills of life, providence in nature will begin to be evolved, malaria and parasites will disappear, the deserts be fertilized, the climates ameliorated, and all that is detrimental to man recede and pass away. By a wise study of his environments, and by consecrating all human effort to the regeneration of the globe, there are no rude powers, no fatalities, no elemental stress which may not be overcome. The hard, remorseless forces of nature, before whom man at first seemed a mere helpless pawn in the blindfold game of necessity, he learns to govern and to guide. He yokes the river to the mill, steam to his car, lightning to his wire. Human worship began with man adoring the elements, and ends with the elements adoring and obeying man. As he has tamed electricity, so will he prevent the earthquake and dissipate the cyclone, and say to the tornado, "Peace, be still."

The divine work in nature must be done through man, and only the faithful use of the powers implanted in us is needed to accomplish all that we aspire after or imagine in our highest mood. When all is said, this world was not made by the devil, and if a thing is good we can be sure it is possible. The order of Providence in the world of matter means the divine opening through the human, pressing forward into visibility, until all the powers of nature are servitors and docile to man. When genius speaks, nature obeys.

So, in the world of humanity life is hemmed in by woes we cannot hope to cure, nor yet endure to see. There is no visible, adequate Providence. The amount of suffering, as far beyond desert as beyond relief, can only be removed as the Infinite involves itself in man, and makes paths for itself in human nature to reach every finite circumstance and need. Providence is al-

ways mediative, and the mediator through whom it acts is man. Jesus came to bring the kingdom of God—the kingdom of unselfishness and love, and with it the perfect Providence that He foresaw, for the one waits upon the other. But the world would have none of His gifts, and it has not yet a Providence. Man must evolve it, step by step, as he has the telephone and the sewing machine, before he can possess that perfect Providence which shall prevent all suffering and provide for every need.

The divine Providence must become human before it becomes immediate and special. Deity gives nothing directly. The distribution of all gifts is in human hands. The agent of every providence is man. No superhuman hand has ever shown itself in the history of the world. The measure of a Providence is the exact measure of the human care that is in it. God purposes, wills, and loves; man executes that loving will. Until he does, the Father waits and his Providence waits. Whenever there is a help for man it comes through a human form. Every providential manifestation, though divine in spirit, is human in expression. Human justice, human kindness and pity is all the justice, kindness and pity that we know or ever will know; for we never realize or see Deity other than in man. The best man of the race is practically its God.

It was said of St. Francis of Assisi, "He listened to those to whom God Himself would not listen." But when St. Francis was listening to such, God was listening to them. God uses our ears to hear the plaint of the wretched; He uses our taper to light the lamps of knowledge in the caves and holes of ignorance. It is through our spiritual veins that the love of God must pulse, and the sympathies of the heavenly universe flow.

As the Garden of Eden was given to Adam to keep and to rule, so is the earth given to man. In all human affairs God works by human instruments, and he never interferes by supernatural means with the habitual order of the world. Men are the measures of His principles, and our sympathy and justice the instruments of His Providence. No more justice, good will and pity are at work in the world to-day than men put in motion. Men are impatient at the slowness of God; He is as slow as they are. His chariot goes just as fast as they drive. If the moral and material advance of humanity moves on slowly, it is because they make no effort to push it forward. So far as there is direct foresight in human affairs it is human. Every special Providence from the foundation of the world has had a man behind it!

Providence never gives bread to the hungry. He gives the wheat or the maize; man must make the flour and the loaf. The only bread-maker in the universe is man. Providence never gives clothes to the naked; He gives the wool on the sheep's back; man furnishes the shears and loom and needle. The only cloth-maker in the universe is man. Providence never warms those who are a-cold; He gives the fuel in the forest of timber and the mine of coal; man must excavate and blast, must use axe and saw, must evolve from the fuel by an immense effort the heat which is vital to civilization and to life. The true Prometheus or fire-bringer is man. The agents of the divine Good-will are not the priest, the saint, the devotee, absorbed in their selfish scramble for an imaginary heaven, but the farmer, the fisherman, the laborer, the scientist, the reformer, the inventor, the producer. They are, though perhaps unconsciously, working with the Creative Power to repair the waste and blunders of ignorance, to diminish the evils that infest the creation, and to evolve at last the perfect Providence. God and man are in one likeness and image. They are partners in the world's work. The one originates, the other manifests. The one creates, the other reveals. The Infinite is mysteriously involved in

the finite. God and his kingdom are within you.

Jesus saw with the vision of the Spirit, an absolute providential care enclosing the world. So far as he could reach man, He was that Providence, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, consoling those in sorrow or despair, and lifting up the fallen. In all this He was the type of what each member of the family of man shall one day do and be when our wills freely admit the passage of the Father's will, just as the clearest glass transmits the light of day. Then his providential love shall come to perfect fruitage through us. Even now each true man or woman is an imperfect Providence to others. Said Job, "I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and Him that had no helper. The blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame: I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not I searched out." Of every one who seeks to live a true and sincere life, some of these words may be said.

Man co-operates with the divine design, and helps on the movement of the Creative purpose, atom by atom, as he strives to mend and guide humanity, to mitigate somewhat of its sorrows, to lessen its woes, to soften its vices, and to strive for its well being. To the extent of his efforts, his sympathy, his practical work, each man or woman can become a providence to others. The father is a providence to his family, the mother to her children, friend to friend, employer to employed. Every generous act, every consoling word, every friendly or kindly look is a providence. To be helpful to others is to be in very deed a providence. The process of evolution will go on, broadening with the years. Providence from age to age will organize itself more and more effectively in human institutions and human hearts. The Infinite Father will not refuse to use our efforts, our sympathies and the little atom of providence that we have evolved, to forward His mighty work. All the providence we mature shall bless others while we live, and at our death we leave it added to the common stock of human kind, for no atom of the pure ideal is ever lost, until the glad day that Jesus foresaw shall appear, when all our needs will be satisfied; when the divine love will find adequate human expression in the world, and the waste places of the earth will be glorified by the feet of those who are seeking and saving the lost.

We shall then understand that not only are the hairs of our heads all numbered, but the leaves of the maple, the needles of the pine and the blades of the grass are also counted by that divine mathematics which has weighed in the balance each drop of the ocean and every atom of the globe. If the dust is thus cared for, can the children be forgotten of Him who has said: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

LAST of all, high over thought in the world of morals, Fate appears as vindicator, leveling the high, lifting the low, requiring justice in man, and always striking, soon or late, when justice is not done. What is useful will last; what is hurtful will sink. "The doer must suffer," said the Greeks. "You would soothe a deity not to be soothed." "God himself cannot procure good for the wicked," said the Welsh triad. "God may consent, but only for a time," said the bard of Spain. The limitation is impassable by any insight of man. In its last and loftiest ascensions, insight itself, and the freedom of the will, is one of its obedient members.—Emerson.

PLATO called anger the nerves of the mind because, as it may swell and be made more intense by sourness and ill-nature, so it may be slackened and remitted by gentleness and good-nature.—Plutarch's *Morals*.

Notes from the Field.

CAMDEN, N. J.—J. Leonard Corning, minister of Unity Church, sends out a summary of his work for the past ten months. He has given six special courses of lectures. Four lectures on Great Captains of the Liberal Faith—Channing, Parker, Emerson and Beecher. Seven lectures on "The Old and the New Faiths," as follows: The Evolution of Faith, The Old and the New Bible, What the Old Time and To-day say about God, The Old and the New Faith about Jesus, The Despair and Hope concerning Human Nature, The Atonement, Old and New; Heaven and Hell. Six lectures illustrated with the stereopticon, on "The Footsteps of Jesus." Four lectures illustrated with the stereopticon on the following themes: Early Christianity in the Catacombs, The Christ Ideals of the Ages, The Offices of Christ as Represented in Art, Object Lessons in Religion, from the Story of Architecture. Four illustrated sermons for Sunday-School children. Three art lectures before the Ethical Society, two of them illustrated.

In the regular ministrations of the pulpit forty-one themes have been discussed. Thirty-four lessons on the "Childhood of Jesus" have been prepared and given to the Sunday-school teachers. The minister has been Superintendent of the Sunday-school. Twenty-seven new names have been added to the church roll, one-third of them being from the Sunday-school. The minister reports a marked increase in the attendance upon the Sunday-school. The newly-established Sunday-school Union, embracing all the Sunday-schools of the Unitarian faith in Philadelphia and vicinity, has given a new impulse to this department of labor in all our churches. A monthly Sunday Evening Service of Song has been successfully inaugurated and will be continued during the new church year. An illustrated lecture on "Notable Sights of Europe," has been given, to which two hundred children were invited as the guests of Unity Sunday-school. The monthly illustrated sermons, which have been attended by full and sometimes crowded congregations, will be likewise continued during the coming year, and the minister will utilize his summer vacation in Europe for gathering new material for usefulness in this inviting field.

BOSTON.—Union meetings for the summer are arranged at the south end and west end. These have always proved ample for the accommodation of our church families. Meanwhile, until September, seashore churches, new and old, will invite local congregations to hear in turn nearly all our city preachers.

—Our public schools have enjoyed their graduation exercises; parents, school committees, and city officials have made the occasions very happy for the pupils.

—The old "Warren Street Chapel" has, by act of legislature, received the name of "The Barnard Memorial," in memory of its founder, Rev. Charles F. Barnard.

—Meadville Divinity School expects a new library building—the gift of Pennsylvania friends.

—Clergymen in Boston are handing their names to Mr. Baldwin, the president of the Young Men's Christian Union, and signifying their willingness to officiate at funeral services within the city during the summer.

—Mr. Baldwin's "country week" has begun. Over three thousand children enjoyed his country visits and rides last summer.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The last service of All Souls Church before vacation was held June 30. It was Flower Sunday, "one of the four annual services of that church and Sunday-school, in which the people and the children take a more active part." It was especially attractive in its floral decorations. The busts of Emerson, Channing, Parker,

and Martineau looked out from a profusion of flowers. The baptism of the babies and the smiling faces of the Sunday school children, who were ready with class offerings of flowers, accompanied by poems fitting the occasion, made the time a very happy one, and all present will carry pleasant memories of it with them through the vacation. At the close, Mr. Jones spoke some very stirring words, commending to the earnest thoughts of his listeners the responsibilities growing out of the annexation of Hyde Park to the city. Mr. Jones leaves the city in a few days on his much-needed vacation.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Rev. Dr. Kerr, pastor of the Christian Union church, is in Scotland, visiting the scenes of his old home after an absence of forty years. His pulpit was supplied June 16 and 23 by J. L. Jones of All Souls church, Chicago, and on June 30 by John R. Effinger, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. Dr. Kerr's congregation is full of life and energy and very happy in its beautiful new home, which is not yet quite complete, services being held at present in the spacious and well appointed basement. The Sunday-school is large and prosperous.

HURON, DAK.—Our energetic minister, Miss Helen G. Putnam, writes: "I am deep in a paper on 'Dress Reform,' to be given to the Y. W. C. T. U. of Huron, on invitation of the Presbyterian minister's wife. * * * The Norwegians are allowing us the use of their little church for a nominal sum. Our number is small but the Evangelicals fear us and fight against us as they would the devil. Indeed, presumably, we personify that fearful antagonist."

BEATRICE, NEB.—Miss Leggett writes, under date of June 26th: "My work is increasing in interest and numbers. My beautiful church is finished and the grounds terraced, and our next service is to be a Christening and Self-Consecration Service." We rejoice with our earnest sister and her people in this fruition of their hopes. We doubt not the good work will go on and make its presence felt in all the regions round about.

WEDDING BELLS. The wedding bells rang last week Thursday, June 27, for the marriage of a Director of the Western Unitarian Conference, Mr. James N. Sprigg, of Quincy, Ill., to Miss Annie C. Gilman, of Haverhill, Mass. UNITY sends greeting and congratulations.

CINCINNATI.—Rev. Judson Fisher, who for seven months has ministered to Unity Church, Cincinnati, will spend his vacation at his home in Alton, Ill. The interest in Unity Church is unabated; its friends are hopeful and resolute, and its Sunday services and other work will be resumed in September.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—Rev. C. F. Elliott of Jackson, Mich., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Janesville, Wis., and expects to take charge of his new duties on September 1st.

THE SAFE SIDE.

A THEISTIC REFUTATION OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

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Mr. O. B. Frothingham says, in a letter to the author: "The book has been received and perused. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter."

On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. "You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation."

Mr. Mitchell is a firm believer in God, in rational religion and in the immortality of the soul, but in the divinity of Christ he has no belief, and against this dogma he writes intelligently, earnestly and with considerable learning and ability. The reasoning is clear and logical, the style direct and forcible, and the conclusions are those of a man who has evidently given careful and patient thought to religious subjects.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Cloth, 8vo., 303 pages, \$1.50, including postage. Send orders to

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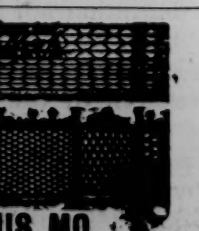
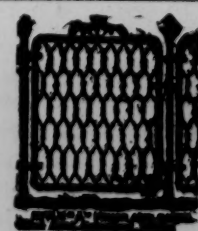
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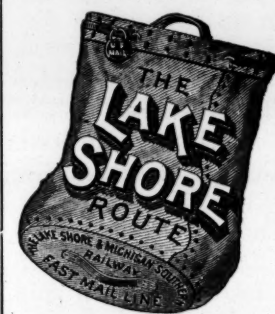
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OUR JUDGES.

We're told that once a little child
Set right a royal town,
The sole one there so undefiled
That dared the truth to own.

When all about her feigned to see
The king's air-woven cloak,
The child laid bare the trickery,
The trickster's power broke.

I know not if the tale be true,
But this we surely know,
There's something in those eyes of blue
That scorns all outward show,

And sees us strip of all pretense
As naked as at birth;
More prized the praise of innocence
Than all the rest of earth.

K. H.

OAKLAND. XI.

Florence and Pearl were impatient little creatures, "round the road" was a long way to them when they meant to "beat mamma home;" it was much easier to climb the fence and trip straight across the fields than to go out to the corner and down the lane. Mamma smiled as she watched the childish figures flitting over the barley stubble, and then, as it happened, Martha and Louise began talking about being courageous, and how they would like to save a human life.

In the meantime, Florence and Pearl encountered a flock of sheep huddled together as if drawn up in battle array; the captain wore a pair of horns that looked very much like curls at each side of his head. Florence and Pearl were afraid of him, but they were pretty brave, and quite unwilling to give up their undertaking; if they could only get by him they could soon reach the fence near home. So they clasped hands and pressed forward; the captain looked at them and brought down his hoof with a great deal of decision. Still the reckless children advanced, not heeding his warning until he lowered his head and gave chase, when they turned and fled. True to their sisterly instincts, however, they did not let go of hands.

When the children's peril was discovered, mamma stood still, Louise started to climb the fence nervously, and Martha drew her back; then there was a rush and a crash behind them, and Deane went leaping over the top rail and up to the very face of the foe with an unflinching courage that turned the tide of battle immediately. The captain began to retreat, lowering his head in an ominous way; but Deane followed up his advantage promptly, with a series of loud war-whoops that carried terror and confusion into the ranks of the enemy, and soon put the whole flock to ignominious flight.

I half mistrust Deane thought he ought to wear epaulettes then, at any rate he walked on through the field in a soldierly way that would have reminded you of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"It's just because he's used to it," said Louise. "If we went among the sheep every day as he does, we wouldn't be afraid, and could drive them, too."

"That is very true," said mamma. "We need to cultivate the habit of fearlessness if we wish to be prepared for emergencies."

M. S. S.

"A CRAMP."

It was cold as I stood on the doorstep,
And vainly pulled at the bell,
While the music of children's voices
Rang out in melodious swell.

I could hear their merry laughter,
And the patter of little feet,
And I longed to be among them,
And out of the cold, bleak street.

But at last the door was opened,
And with happy, welcoming shout,
I stood in the midst of the circle,
While the others flocked about.

Then up spoke Margaret, the youngest,
Yet the leader in the camp;
"I heard you a-ringing all the time,
But I fought you were a cramp!"

—Housewife.

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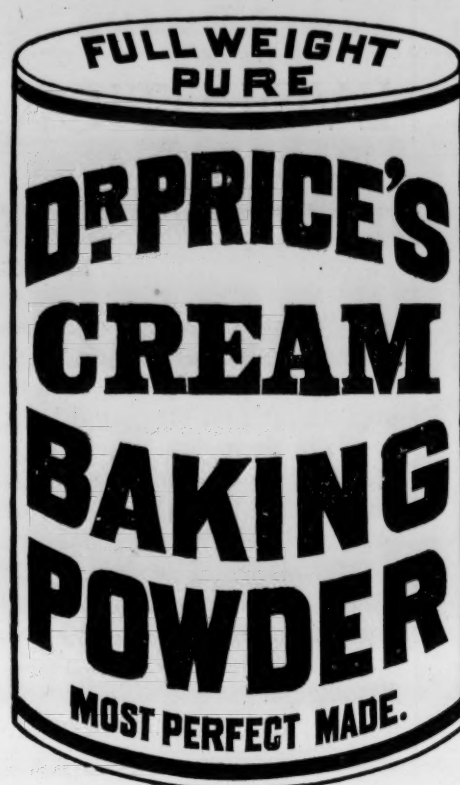
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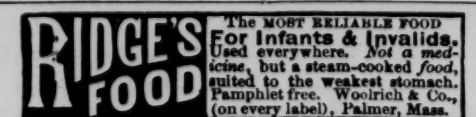
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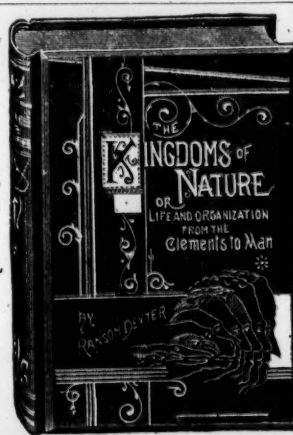
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